

²⁶
DOUGLAS:

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is acted at the

THEATRES

IN

GREAT BRITAIN and IRELAND.

Non ego sum vates, sed prisca conscius ævi.

By the Rev. Mr. HUME. ^(John)
Home

To which are prefixed,

- | | |
|---|--|
| I. An Address to the Author.
By David Hume, Esq;
Author of the History of
Great Britain, &c. | Rev. Presbytery of Edinburgh. |
| II. Copy of an Admonition
and Exhortation, by the | III. Copy of a Declaration,
by the Rev. Presbytery
of Glasgow. |
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BELFAST:

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DOUGLAS

T R A C E D Y.

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В Я Т А Н Т



1910

By the Rev. H. M. H.

To be used as follows:

1. An Address to the Admiralty
By David Thomas, Esq.
Author of the "History of the
Great Britain"
of Glasgow.

Printed by and for the Proprietors at No. 1, St. Paul's Church-Yard, London.


*An Address from DAVID HUME, Esq; Author of the
 History of Great Britain, &c. to the Rev. Mr. HUME,
 Author of DOUGLAS, a Tragedy.*

My dear Sir,

IT was the Practice of the Antients to address their
 Compositions only to Friends and Equals, and to
 render their Dedications Monuments of Regard and
 Affection, not of Servility and Flattery. In those Days
 of ingenious and candid Liberty, a Dedication did
 Honour to the Person to whom it was addressed, with-
 out degrading the Author. If any Partiality appeared
 towards the Patron, it was at least the Partiality of
 Friendship and Affection.

Another Instance of true Liberty, of which antient
 Times can alone afford us an Example, is the Liberty
 of Thought, which engaged Men of Letters, however
 different in their abstract Opinions, to maintain a mutu-
 al Friendship and Regard; and never to quarrel about
 Principles, while they agreed in Inclinations and Man-
 ners. Science was often the Subject of Disputation,
 never of Animosity. Cicero, an Academic, addressed
 his philosophical Treatises, sometimes to Brutus, a
 Stoic; sometimes to Atticus, an Epicurean.

I have been seized with a strong Desire of renewing
 these laudable Practices of Antiquity, by addressing the
 following Dissertations to you, my good Friend: For
 such I will ever call and esteem you, notwithstanding
 the Opposition which prevails between us, with Re-
 gard to many of our speculative Tenets. These Diffe-
 rences of Opinion I have only found to enliven our
 Conversation; while our common Passion for Science
 and Letters served as a Cement to our Friendship. I
 still admired your Genius, even when I imagined that
 you lay under the Influence of Prejudice; and you
 sometimes told me, that you excused my Errors, on

Account of the Candour and Sincerity, which, you thought accompanied them.

But to tell Truth, it is less my Admiration of your fine Genius, which has engaged me to make this Address to you, than my Esteem of your Character and my Affection to your Person. That Generosity of Mind which ever accompanies you; that Cordiality of Friendship, that spirited Honour and Integrity, have long interested me strongly in your Behalf, and have made me desirous, that a Monument of our mutual Amity should be publicly erected, and, if possible, be preserved to Posterity.

I own too, that I have the Ambition to be the first who shall in public express his Admiration of your noble Tragedy of *Douglas*; one of the most interesting and pathetic Pieces, that was ever exhibited on any Theatre. Should I give it the Preference to the *Merope* of Maffei, and to that of Voltaire, which it resembles in its subject; should I affirm, that it contained more Fire and Spirit than the former, more Tenderness and Simplicity than the latter; I might be accused of Partiality: And how could I entirely acquit myself, after the Professions of Friendship which I have made you? But the unfeigned Tears which flowed from every Eye, in the numerous Representations which were made of it on this Theatre; the unparalleled Command, which you appeared to have over every Affection of the human Breast: These are incontestible Proofs, that you possess the true theatric Genius of Shakespear and Otway, refined from the unhappy Barbarism of the one, and Licentiousness of the other.

My Enemies, you know, and I own even sometimes my Friends, have reproached me with the Love of Paradoxes and singular Opinions; and I expect to be exposed to the same Imputation, on Account of the Character, which I have here given of your *Douglas*. I shall be told no doubt, that I had artfully chosen the only Time, when this high esteem of that Piece could be regarded as a Paradox, to wit, before its Publication; and that not being able to contradict in this Particular the Sentiments of the Public, I have, at least, resolved to go before them.

them. But I shall be amply compensated for all these Pleasantries, if you accept this Testimony of my Regard, and believe me to be, with the greatest Sincerity, Dear Sir, Your most affectionate Friend, and humble Servant,

Edinb. Jan. 3, 1757.

DAVID HUME.



Copy of the Admonition and Exhortation by the Reverend Presbytery of Edinburgh, dated the 5th Day of January, 1757.

THE Presbytery taking into their serious Consideration, the declining State of Religion, the open Profanation of the Lord's Day, the Contempt of public Worship, the growing Luxury and Levity of the present Age; in which so many seem Lovers of Pleasure, more than Lovers of God: And being particularly affected with the UNPRECEDENTED COUNTENANCE given of late to the Playhouse in this Place, when the State of the Nation, and the Circumstances of the Poor, make such hurtful Entertainments still more pernicious; judged it their indispensable Duty to express in the most open and solemn Manner, the deep Concern they feel on this Occasion.

The Opinion which the Christian Church has always entertained of Stage Plays and Players, as prejudicial to the Interests of Religion and Morality, is well known; and the fatal Influence which they commonly have on the far greater Part of Mankind, particularly the younger Sort, is too obvious to be called in Question.

To enumerate how many Servants, Apprentices, and Students in different Branches of Literature, in the City and Suburbs, have been seduced from their proper Business, by attending the Stage, would be a painful, disagreeable Task.

The Presbytery in the Year 1727, when consisting of many pious, prudent, and learned Ministers, whose Praise is in all the Churches, being aware of these Evils, did prepare a Paper, which was read from the several

Pulpits within their Bounds, warning their People against the dangerous Infection of the Theatre then erected there.

In the Year 1737, the Legislature, in their great Wisdom, did, by an Act of the 10th of George II. enact and declare, " That every Person who should, " for Hire or Reward, act, or cause to be acted, any " Play, or other Entertainment of the Stage, without " the special Licence and Authority mentioned in the " said Act, should be deemed a Rogue and a Vagabond, and for every such Offence should forfeit the " Sum of 50l. Sterling."

At that Time a Project was set on Foot to obtain a licensed Theatre in this City; but the Masters and Professors of the University, supported by the Magistrates, having prepared a Petition, setting forth the dangerous Tendency of a Playhouse here, with respect to the important Interests of Virtue and Learning, the Project was laid aside.

The Players, however, being so audacious as to continue to act in Defiance of the Law, the Presbytery did, at their own Charge, prosecute them before the Court of Session; and prevailed in the Process. The Players were fined in Terms of Law; and Warrants being issued for apprehending them; they fled from Justice. But others came in their Place; who since that Time have attempted to elude the Law, by changing the Name of the PLAYHOUSE into that of the CONCERT-HALL.

As such a slight Evasion, the mere Change of a Name, could not make the smallest Variation in the Nature of the Thing, the Presbytery continued to do all in their Power, and in their Sphere, to prevent the growing Evil; and think themselves at this Time loudly called upon, in ONE BODY, and with ONE VOICE, to expostulate, in the Bowels of Love and Compassion, with all under their Care and Inspection.

When our gracious Sovereign, attentive to the Voice of Providence, is calling from the Throne to Humiliation and Prayer, how unseemly is it for his Subjects to
give

give themselves up to Mirth and Jollity? When the War in which we are engaged, and many awful Tokens of the divine Displeasure, bespeak us, in the Language of an inspired Writer, to *redeem the Time because the Days are evil*, should that Time be squandered away in running the constant Round of foolish, not to say sinful Amusements? When the Wants and Cries of the numerous Poor require extraordinary Supplies, how unaccountable is it to lavish away vast Sums for such vain and idle Purposes? When the Wisdom of the Nation has guarded the Inhabitants of this City and Suburbs from the Infection of the Stage, by a Plain and express Statute; is it not a high Instance of Folly, to break down that Barrier, and open a Door with their own Hands for theatrical Representations? which are in many Respects no less inconsistent with good Policy, than unfriendly to Religion; and will be found sooner or later, to affect their temporal as well as spiritual Interests.

On these Accounts, and for many other obvious and weighty Considerations, the Presbytery, warmed with just concern for the Good of Souls, do, in the Fear of God, WARN, EXHORT, and OBTEST, all within their Bounds, as they regard the Glory of God, the Credit of our holy Religion, and their own Welfare, to walk worthy of the Vocation wherewith they are called, by shewing a sacred Regard to the Lord's Day, and all the Ordinances of divine Institution; and by discouraging, in their respective Spheres, the illegal and dangerous Entertainments of the Stage.

The Presbytery would plead with ALL in Authority, with TEACHERS of Youth, PARENTS, and MASTERS of Families, to restrain by every habile Method, such as are under their Influence, from frequenting these Seminaries of Folly and Vice. They would particularly beseech the younger Part of their Flock, to beware, lest, by Example, or from a foolish Desire of appearing in the fashionable World, they be misled into such pernicious Snares; Snares which must necessarily retard, if not entirely mar, that Progress in the respective Parts of their Education, on which their future Usefulness and
Success

intituled, *The Tragedy of Douglas*, and got it to be acted on the Theatre at Edinburgh; and that he, with several other Ministers of this Church, were present, and some of them oftner than once, at the acting of the said Play before a numerous Audience: The Presbytery being deeply affected with this new and strange Appearance, think it their Duty to declare, as they hereby do, that they agree with the Presbytery of Edinburgh in their Sentiments with respect to Stage-Plays; and particularly that such Entertainments, from what has been usually exhibited in them, and also from the dissolute Lives (for the most part) and infamous Characters of the Players, have been looked upon by the Christian Church in all Ages, and of all different Communions, as extremely prejudicial to Religion and Morality, as well as hurtful to the other valuable Interests of human Society, by the wasteful expence of Money and Time they have occasioned; and being convinced by long Experience, a sure Test of the Tendency of any Action or Practice, how vain it is to expect such a Reformation of the Stage as is consistent with the Ends aforesaid; and therefore such Entertainments should be discouraged and laid aside: And the Presbytery further considering, that the unprecedented Countenance given to the Playhouse, in the Instance mentioned, is greatly aggravated by a late Act of Parliament, rendering the Stage (because not licensed) unlawful in Scotland, and also from the present Circumstances of the Nation with regard to the War we are engaged in, the Dearth of Provisions, and the awful Tokens of the Divine Anger against us: They therefore hereby appoint and instruct such of their Members as shall represent them in the ensuing general Assembly of this Church, to move and insist in a regular Manner, that the venerable Assembly do declare, by a publick Act, their Judgment and that of this National Church against the Entertainments of the Theatre, as of very hurtful Tendency to the Interests of Religion and Society. 2dly, That the Assembly do strictly enquire whether the Facts above-mentioned, viz. that a Minister of this Church has composed and procured to be acted on the Theatre of the Canongate of Edinburgh,

burgh; the Tragedy called Douglas, and that the Representation of the said Tragedy was attended by him and several other Ministers, have been under the Consideration of the Presbyters respectively concerned; and whether these Ministers, having been found guilty, have been censured as their Faults deserved; and to give such Directions as they in their Wisdom shall find necessary, that such Ministers and all others may be sensible that the Church of Scotland will never protect her Members in Practice so unbecoming their Character, and of such pernicious Tendency to the great Interests of Religion, Industry and Virtue. And lastly, that the Assembly would use their best Endeavours to obtain such an Explication and Enforcement of the Act of the 17th of Geo. II. anent the Playhouse, as it may not be liable to the pitiful Evasions by which it is now eluded.

PROLOGUE.



PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. SPARKS.

IN antient times, when Britain's trade was arms,
 And the lov'd musick of her youth alarms.
 A god-like race sustain'd fair England's fame:
 Who has not heard of gallant PIERCY's name?
 Ay, and of DOUGLAS! Such illustrious foes
 In rival Rome and Carthage never rose!
 From age to age bright shone the British fire,
 And every hero was a hero's sire.
 When powerful fate decreed one warrior's doom,
 Up sprung the Phœnix from his parent's tomb.
 But whilst these generous rivals fought and fell,
 These generous rivals lov'd each other well:
 Tho' many a bloody field was lost and won,
 Nothing in hate, in honour all was done.
 When PIERCY wrong'd, defy'd his prince or peers,
 Fast came the DOUGLAS, with his Scottish spears;
 And, when proud DOUGLAS made his King his foe,
 For DOUGLAS, PIERCY bent his English bow.
 Expell'd their native homes by adverse fate,
 They knock'd alternate at each other's gate:
 Then blaz'd the castle, at the midnight hour,
 For him whose arms had shook its firmest tower.
 This Night a DOUGLAS your protection claims;
 A wife! a mother! pity's softest names:
 The story of her woes indulgent hear,
 And grant your suppliant all she begs, a tear:
 In confidence she begs; and hopes to find
 Each English breast, like noble PIERCY's, kind.

Mrs. VINCENT.

Mrs. HOBBS.

Mrs. G. BULLOCK.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LONDON.

EDINBURGH.

DUBLIN.

LORD RANDOLPH,

MR. RIDOUT.

MR. YOUNGER.

MR. DEXTER.

GLENALVON,

MR. SMITH.

MR. LOVE.

MR. STAYLEY.

NORVAL, DOUGLAS,

MR. BARRY.

MR. DIGGS.

MR. SHERIDAN.

STRANGER,

MR. SPARKS.

MR. HAYMAN.

MR. LEE.

SERVANTS.

W O M E N

MATILDA, Lady RAN-
DOLPH,

Mrs. WOPFINGTON.

Mrs. WARD.

Mrs. KENNEDY.

ANN,

Mrs. VINCENT.

Mrs. HOPKINS.

Mrs. G. PHILIPS.



DOUGLAS:

A

TRAGEDY.



ACT I. SCENE I.

The court of a castle, surrounded with woods.

Enter Lady RANDOLPH.

YE woods and wilds, whose melancholy gloom
Accords with my soul's sadness, and draws forth
The voice of sorrow from my bursting heart,
Farewel a while : I will not leave you long ;
For in your shades I deem some spirit dwells,
Who from the chiding stream, or groaning oak,
Still hears, and answers to MATILDA's moan.
O DOUGLAS ! DOUGLAS ! If departed ghosts
Are e'er permitted to review this world,
Within the circle of that wood thou art,
And with the passion of immortals hear'st
My lamentation : hear'st thy wretched wife
Weep for her husband slain, her infant lost.
My brother's timeless death I seem to mourn,
Who perish'd with thee on this fatal day.
To thee I lift my voice ; to thee address
The plaint which mortal ear has never heard.
O disregard me not ; though I am call'd
Another's now, my heart is wholly thine.

B

Incapable

Incapable of change, affection lies
Buried, my DOUGLAS, in thy bloody grave.
But RANDOLPH comes, whom fate has made my Lord,
To chide my anguish, and defraud the dead.

Enter Lord RANDOLPH.

Lord *Ran.* Again these weeds of woe! say, do'st thou
well

To feed a passion which consumes thy life?
The living claim some duty; vainly thou
Bestow'st thy cares upon the silent dead.

Lady *Ran.* Silent, alas! is he for whom I mourn:
Childless, without memorial of his name,
He only now in my remembrance lives.

Lord *Ran.* Time, that wears out the trace of deepest
anguish,
Has past o'er thee in vain. Wou'd thou wert not
Compos'd of grief and tenderness alone!
Sure thou art not the daughter of Sir MALCOLM:
Strong was his Rage, eternal his resentment:
For when thy brother fell, he smil'd to hear
That DOUGLAS' son in the same field was slain.

Lady *Ran.* Oh! rake not up the ashes of my fathers:
Implacable resentment was their crime,
And grievous has the expiation been.
Contending with the DOUGLAS, gallant lives
Of either house were lost; my ancestors
Compell'd, at last, to leave their ancient seat
On Tiviot's pleasant banks; and now, of them
No heir is left. Had they not been so stern,
I had not been the last of all my race.

Lord *Ran.* Thy grief wreaths to its purposes my words.
I never ask'd of thee that ardent love,
Which in the breasts of fancy's children burns.
Decent affection, and complacent kindness
Were all I wish'd for; but I wish'd in vain.
Hence with the less regret my eyes behold
The storm of war that gathers o'er this land:
If I should perish by the Danish sword,
MATILDA would not shed one tear the more.

Lady *Ran.* Thou do'st not think so: woeful as I am,
I love thy merit, and esteem thy virtues.
But whither, goest thou now?

Lord

Lord Ran. Straight to the camp,
Where every warrior on the tip-toe stands
Of expectation, and impatient asks
Each who arrives, if he is come to tell
The Danes are landed.

Lady Ran. O, may adverse winds,
Far from the coast of Scotland, drive their fleet!
And every soldier of both hosts return
In peace and safety to his pleasant home!

Lord Ran. Thou speak'st a woman's, hear a warrior's wish:

Right from their native land, the stormy north,
May the wind blow, till every keel is fix'd
Immoveable in Caledonia's strand!
Then shall our foes repent their bold invasion,
And roving armies shun the fatal shore.

Lady Ran. War I detest: but war with foreign foes,
Whose manners, language, and whose looks are strange,
Is not so horrid, nor to me so hateful,
As that which with our neighbours oft we wage.
A river here, there an ideal line
By fancy drawn, divides the sister kingdoms.
On each side dwells a people similar,
As twains are to each other, valiant both,
Both for their valour famous thro' the world;
Yet will they not unite their kindred arms,
And, if they must have war, wage distant war,
But with each other fight in cruel conflict.
Gallant in strife, and noble in their ire,
The battle is their pastime. They go forth
Gay in the morning, as to summer sport:
When ev'ning comes the glory of the morn,
The youthful warrior, is a clod of clay.
Thus fall the prime of either hapless land:
And such the fruit of Scotch and English wars.

Lord Ran. I'll hear no more: this melody would
make

A soldier drop his sword, and doff his arms,
Sit down and weep the conquests he had made;
Yea, (like a monk), sing rest and peace in heav'n
To souls of warriors in his battle slain.

Lady, farewell: I leave thee not alone;
Yonder comes one whose love makes duty light.

Enter ANNA.

Anna. Forgive the rashness of your ANNA's love:
Urg'd by affection, I have thus presum'd
To interrupt your solitary thoughts;
And warn you of the hours that you neglect,
And lose in sadness.

Lady Ran. So to lose my hours
Is all the use I wish to make of time.

Anna. To blame thee, lady, suits not with my state:
But sure I am, since death first prey'd on man,
Never did sister thus a brother mourn.
What had your sorrows been if you had lost,
In early youth, the husband of your heart?

Lady Ran. Oh!

Anna. Have I distress'd you with officious love,
And ill-tim'd mention of your brother's fate?
Forgive me, lady: humble tho' I am,
The mind I bear partakes not of my fortune;
So fervently I love you, that to dry
These piteous tears, I'd throw my life away.

Lady Ran. What power directed thy unconscious
tongue

To speak as thou hast done? to name——

Anna. I know not:

But since my words have made my mistress tremble,
I will speak so no more; but silent mix
My tears with hers.

Lady Ran. No, thou shalt not be silent.
I'll trust thy faithful love, and thou shalt be
Henceforth th' instructed partner of my woes.
But what avails it? Can thy feeble pity
Roll back the flood of never-ebbing time?
Compel the earth and ocean to give up
Their dead alive?

Anna. What means my noble mistress?

Lady Ran. Didst thou not ask what had my sorrows
been?——

If I in early youth had lost a husband?——
In the cold bosom of the earth is lodg'd,

Mangl'd

Mangl'd with wounds, the husband of my youth;
And in some cavern of the ocean lies
My child and his. —————

Anna. O! lady, most rever'd!
The tale wrapt up in your amazing words
Deign to unfold.

Lady Ran. Alas! an ancient feud,
Hereditary evil, was the source
Of my misfortunes. Ruling fate decreed,
That my brave brother should in battle save
The life of DOUGLAS' son, our house's foe:
The youthful warriors vow'd eternal friendship:
To see the vaunted sifter of his friend
Impatient, DOUGLAS to Balarmo came,
Under a borrow'd name.—My heart he gain'd;
Nor did I long refuse the hand he begg'd:
My brother's presence authoriz'd our marriage.
Three weeks, three little weeks, with wings of down,
Had o'er us flown, when my lov'd lord was call'd
To fight his father's battles; and with him,
In spite of all my tears, did MALCOLM go.
Scarce were they gone, when my stern sire was told
That the false stranger was lord DOUGLAS' son.
Frantic with rage, the baron drew his sword
And question'd me. Alone, forsaken, faint,
Kneeling beneath his sword, salt'ring I took
An oath equivocal, that I ne'er would
Wed one of DOUGLAS' name: Sincerity,
Thou first of virtues, let no mortal leave
Thy onward path! altho' the earth should gape,
And from the gulf of hell destruction cry
To take dissimulation's winding way.

Anna. Alas! how few of woman's fearful kind
Durst own a truth so hardy!

Lady Ran. The first truth
Is easiest to avow. This moral learn;
This precious moral, from my tragic tale.—
In a few days the dreadful tidings came
That DOUGLAS and my brother both were slain.
My lord! my life! my husband!—mighty God!
What had I done to merit such affliction?

Anna. My dearest lady! Many a tale of tears

I've listen'd to; but never did I hear
A tale so sad as this.

Lady Ran. In the first days
Of my distracting grief, I found myself——
As women wish to be who love their lords.
But who durst tell my father? The good priest
Who join'd our hands, my brother's antient tutor,
With his lov'd MALCOLM, in the battle fell:
They two alone were privy to the marriage.
On silence and concealment I resolv'd,
Till time should make my father's fortune mine.
That very night on which my son was born,
My nurse, the only confident I had,
Set out with him to reach her sister's house:
But nurse, nor infant, have I ever seen,
Or heard of, ANNA, since that fatal hour.
My murder'd child!—had thy fond mother fear'd
The loss of thee, she had loud fame defy'd,
De'pis'd her father's rage, her father's grief,
And wander'd with thee thro' the scorning world.

Anna. Not seen, or heard of! then perhaps he lives.

Lady Ran. No. It was dark December: wind and
rain

Had beat all night. Across the Carron lay
The destin'd road; and in it's sweeling flood
My faithful servant perish'd with my child.
O hapless son! of a most hapless fire!—
But they are both at rest; and I alone
Dwell in this world of woe, condemn'd to walk,
Like a guilt-troubl'd Gholt, my painful rounds:
Nor his despitful fate permitted me
The comfort of a solitary sorrow.
Tho' dead to love, I was compell'd to wed
RANDOLPH, who snatch'd me from a villain's arms;
And RANDOLPH now possesses the domains,
That by Sir MALCOLM's death on me devolv'd;
Domains, that should to DOUGLAS' son have giv'n
A baron's title, and a baron's power.
Such were my soothing thoughts, while I bewail'd
The slaughter'd father of a son unborn.
And when that son came, like a ray from heav'n,
Which shines and disappears; alas! my child!

How

How long did thy fond mother grasp the hope
Of having thee, she knew not how, restor'd.
Year after year hath worn her hope away;
But left still undiminish'd her desire.

Anna. The hand, that spins th' uneven thread of life,
May smooth the length that's yet to come of your's.

Lady Ran. Not in this world: I have consider'd well
It's various evils, and on whom they fall.

Alas! how oft does goodness wound itself?

And sweet affection prove the spring of woe.

O! had I died when my lov'd husband fell!

Had some good angel op'd to me the book

Of providence, and let me read my life,

My heart had broke, when I beheld the sum

Of ills, which one by one I have endur'd.

Anna. That God, whose ministers good angels are,
Hath shut the book in mercy to mankind.

But we must leave this theme: GLENALVON comes:

I saw him bend on you his thoughtful eyes,

And hitherwards he slowly stalks his way.

Lady Ran. I will avoid him. An ungracious person
Is doubly irksome in an hour like this.

Anna. Why speaks my lady thus of RANDOLPH'S
heir?

Lady Ran. Because he's not the heir of RANDOLPH'S
virtues.

Subtle and shrewd, he offers to mankind

An artificial image of himself:

And he with ease can vary to the taste

Of different men, it's features. Self-denied,

And master of his appetites he seems:

But his fierce nature, like a fox chain'd up,

Watches to seize unseen the wish'd-for prey.

Never were vice and virtue pois'd so ill,

As in GLENALVON'S unrelenting mind.

Yet is he brave and politic in war,

And stands aloft in these unruly times.

Why I describe him thus I'll tell hereafter:

Stay and detain him till I reach the castle.

Exit. Lady RANDOLPH.

Anna. O happiness! where art thou to be found?

I see thou dwellest not with birth and beauty,

Tho'

Tho' grac'd with grandeur, and in wealth array'd;
Nor dost thou, it would seem, with virtue dwell;
Else had this gentle lady miss'd thee not.

Enter GLENALVON.

Glen. What dost thou muse on, meditating maid?
Like some entranc'd and visionary seer
On earth thou stand'st, thy thoughts ascend to heaven.

Anna. Wou'd that I were, e'en as thou say'd, a seer,
To have my doubts by heav'nly vision clear'd!

Glen. What dost thou doubt of? what hast thou to
do

With subjects intricate? Thy youth, thy beauty,
Cannot be questioned: think of these good gifts;
And then thy contemplations will be pleasing.

Anna. Let women view yon monument of woe,
Then boast of beauty; who so fair as she?

But I must follow: this revolving day
Awakes the memory of her antient woes.

[*Exit ANNA.*]

GLENALVON. solus.

So!—Lady RANDOLPH shuns me; by and by
I'll woo her as the lion wooes his brides.
The deed's a doing now, that makes me lord
Of these rich valleys, and a chief of power.
The season is most apt: my sounding steps
Will not be heard amidst the din of arms.
RANDOLPH has liv'd too long: his better fate
Had the ascendant once, and kept me down:
When I had seiz'd the dame, by chance he came,
Rescu'd and had the lady for his labour;
I 'scap'd unknown: a slender consolation!
Heaven is my witness that I do not love
To sow in peril, and let others reap
The jocund harvest. Yet I am not safe:
By love, or something like it, stung, inflam'd,
Madly I blabb'd my passion to his wife,
And she has threaten'd to acquaint him of it.
The way of woman's will I do not know:
But well I know the baron's wrath is deadly.
I will not live in fear: the man I dread
Is as a Dane to me; ay, and the man
Who stands betwixt me and my chief desire.

21

A Court, &c.

Lady Ran. **W**HAT means this clamour? Stranger,
speak secure;

Ist Serv. By us no stranger ever suffer'd wrong:
This man with outcry wild has call'd us forth;
So fore afraid he cannot speak his fears.

Lady *Ran.* Not vain the stranger's fears! how fares
my Lord?

Lord *Ran* That it fares well, thanks to this gallant youth,

Whose valour sav'd me from a wretched death!
As down the winding dale I walk'd alone,
At the cross way four armed men attack'd me:
Rovers, I judge, from the licentious camp,
Who would have quickly laid Lord RANDOLPH low,
Had not this brave and generous stranger come,
Like my good angel in the hour of fate,
And, mocking danger, made my foes his own.
They turn'd upon him; but his active arm
Struck to the ground, from whence they rose no more,
The fiercest two; the others fled amain,
And left him master of the bloody field.
Speak, Lady RANDOLPH; upon Beauty's tongue

Dwell

Dwell accents pleasing to the brave and bold.
 Speak, noble dame, and thank him for thy lord.

Lady Ran. My lord, I cannot speak what now I feel.
 My heart o'erflows with gratitude to heav'n,
 And to this noble youth, who all unknown
 To you and yours, deliberated not,
 Nor paus'd at peril, but humanely brave
 Fought on your side, against such fearful odds.
 Have you yet learn'd of him whom we should thank?
 Whom call the saviour of Lord RANDOLPH's life?

Lord Ran. I ask'd that question, and he answer'd not:
 But I must know who my deliverer is. (*to the Stranger.*)

Strang. A low born man, of parentage obscure,
 Who nought can boast but his desire to be
 A soldier, and to gain a name in arms.

Lord Ran. Whoe'er thou art, thy spirit is ennobled
 By the great King of Kings! thou art ordain'd
 And stamp'd a hero by the sovereign hand
 Of nature! blush not, flower of modesty
 As well as valour to declare thy birth.

Strang. My name is NORVAL: on the Grampian
 hills

My father feeds his flocks; a frugal swain,
 Whose constant cares were to encrease his store,
 And keep his only son, myself, at home.
 For I had heard of battles, and I long'd
 To follow to the field some warlike lord;
 And heaven soon granted what my fire denied.
 This moon which rose last night, round as my shield,
 Had not yet fill'd her horns, when, by her light,
 A band of fierce barbarians, from the hills,
 Rush'd like a torrent down upon the vale,
 Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds fled
 For safety, and for succour. I alone,
 With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows,
 Hover'd about the enemy, and mark'd
 The road he took, then hasted to my friends:
 Whom, with a troop of fifty chosen men,
 I met advancing. The pursuit I led,
 Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumber'd foe.
 We fought and conquer'd. Ere a sword was drawn,

An

An arrow from my bow had pierc'd their chief,
 Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.
 Returning home in triumph, I disdain'd
 The shepherd's slothful life; and having heard
 That our good King had summon'd his bold peers
 To lead their warriors to the Carron side,
 I left my father's house, and took with me
 A chosen servant to conduct my steps:—
 Yon trembling coward who forsook his master.
 Journeying with this intent, I past these towers,
 And, heaven-directed, came this day to do
 The happy deed that gilds my humble name.

Lord *Ran.* He is as wise as brave. Was ever tale
 With such a gallant modesty rehears'd?
 My brave deliverer! thou shalt enter now
 A nobler list, and in a monarch's sight
 Contend with princes for the prize of fame.
 I will present thee to our Scottish King,
 Whose valiant spirit ever valour lov'd.
 Ha! my MATILDA! wherefore starts that tear?

Lady *Ran.* I cannot say: for various affections,
 And strangely mingled, in my bosom swell;
 Yet each of them may well command a tear.
 I joy that thou art safe; and admire
 Him and his fortunes who hath wrought thy safety.
 Obscure and friendless, he the army sought,
 Bent upon peril, in the range of death
 Resolv'd to hunt for fame, and with his sword
 To gain distinction which his birth denied.
 In this attempt unknown he might have perish'd,
 And gain'd, with all his valour, but oblivion.
 Now grac'd by thee, his virtue serves no more
 Beneath despair. The soldier now of hope
 He stands conspicuous; fame and great renown
 Are brought within the compass of his sword.
 On this my mind reflected, whilst you spoke,
 And bless'd the wonder-working Lord of heaven.

Lord *Ran.* Pious and grateful ever are thy thoughts!
 My deeds shall follow where thou point'st the way.
 Next to myself, and equal to GLENAIVON,
 In honour and command shall NORVAL be.

Norv.

Norv. I know not how to thank you. Rude I am,
In speech and manners: never till this hour
Stood I in such a presence: yet, my lord,
There's something in my breast which makes me bold
To say, that NORVAL ne'er will shame thy favour.

Lady Ran. I will be sworn thou wilt not. Thou
shalt be

My knight, and ever, as thou didst to day,
With happy valour guard the life of RANDOLPH.

Lord Ran. Well hast thou spoke. Let me forbid re-
ply. (To NORVAL.

We are thy debtors still; thy high desert
O'ertops our gratitude. I must proceed,
As was at first intended, to the camp.
Some of my train I see are speeding hither,
Impatient, doubtless, of their lord's delay.
Go with me, NORVAL, and thine eyes shall see
The chosen warriors of thy native land,
Who languish for the fight, and beat the air
With brandish'd swords.

Norv. Let us begone, my lord.

Lord Ran. [To Lady RANDOLPH] About the time
that the declining sun
Shall his broad orbit o'er yon hills suspend,
Expect us to return. This night once more
Within these walls I rest; my tent I pitch
To-morrow in the field. Prepare the feast.
Free is his heart who for his country fights:
He in the eve of battle may resign
Himself to social pleasure; sweetest then,
When danger to a soldier's soul endears
The human joy that never may return.

Exeunt RANDOLPH and NORVAL.

SCENE II.

Lady RANDOLPH and ANNA.

Lady Ran. His parting words have struck a fatal
truth.

O DOUGLAS! DOUGLAS! tender was the time
When we two parted, ne'er to meet again!

How

How many years of anguish and despair
Has heav'n annex'd to those swift passing hours
Of love and fondness! Then my bosom's flame
Oft, as blown back by the rude breath of fear,
Return'd, and with redoubled ardour blaz'd.

Anna. May gracious heav'n pour the sweet balm of
peace

Into the wounds that fester in your breast!
For earthly consolation cannot cure them.

Lady Ran. One only cure can heav'n itself bestow;—
A grave—that bed in which the weary rest.
Wretch that I am! Alas! why am I so?
At every happy parent I repine!

How blest the mother of yon gallant NORVAL!
She for a living husband bore her pains,
And heard him blebs her when a man was born:
She nurs'd her smiling infant on her breast:
'Tended the child, and rear'd the pleasing boy:
She, with affection's triumph, saw the youth
In grace and comeliness surpass his peers:
Whilst I to a dead husband bore a son,
And to the roaring waters gave my child.

Anna. Alas! alas! why will you thus resume
Your grief afresh? I thought that gallant youth
Would for a while have won you from your woe.
On him intent you gazed, with a look
Much more delighted, than your pensive eye
Has deign'd on other objects to bestow.

Lady Ran. Delighted say'st thou? Oh! even there
mine eye

Found fuel for my life-consuming sorrow.
I thought, that had the son of DOUGLAS liv'd,
He might have been like this young gallant stranger,
And pair'd with him in features and in shape,
In all endowments, as in years, I deem,
My boy with blooming NORVAL might have number'd.
Whilst thus I mus'd, a spark from fancy fell
On my sad heart, and kindled up a fondness
For this young stranger, wand'ring from his home
And like an orphan cast upon my care.
I will protect thee, (said I to myself)
With all my power, and grace with all my favour.

Anna. Sure heav'n will bleſs ſo gen'rous a reſolve.
 You muſt, my noble dame, exert your power:
 You muſt awake: devices will be fram'd,
 And arrows pointed at the breaſt of NORVAL. 7

Lady Ran. GLENALVON's falſe and crafty head will
 work

Againſt a rival in his kinfman's love,
 If I deter him not: I only can.
 Bold as he is, GLENALVON will beware
 How he pulls down the fabric that I raiſe.
 I'll be the artiſt of young NORVAL's fortune.
 'Tis pleaſing to admire: moſt apt was I
 To this affection in my better days;
 Though now I ſeem to you ſhrunk up, retir'd
 Within the narrow compaſs of my woe.
 Have you not ſometimes ſeen an early flower
 Open its bud, and ſpread its ſilken leaves,
 To catch ſweet airs, and odours to beſtow;
 Then, by the keen blaſt nipt, pull in its leaves,
 And, tho' ſtill living, die to ſcent and beauty?
 Emblem of me: affliction, like a ſtorm,
 Hath kill'd the forward bloſſom of my heart.

Enter GLENALVON.

Glen. Where is my deareſt kinfman, noble RANDOLPH?

Lady Ran. Have you not heard, GLENALVON of the
 baſe——

Glen. I have: and that the villains may not 'ſcape,
 With a ſtrong band I have begirt the wood:
 If they lurk there, alive they ſhall be taken,
 And torture force from them th' important ſecret
 Whether ſome foe of RANDOLPH hir'd their ſwords,
 Or if——

Lady Ran. That care becomes a kinfman's love.
 I have a counſel for GLENALVON's ear. (*Exit ANNA.*)

Glen. To him your counſels always are commands.

Lady Ran. I have not found ſo: thou art known to
 me.

Glen. Known!

Lady Ran. And moſt certain is my cauſe of know-
 ledge.

Glen. What do you know? by the moſt bleſſed croſs,
 You much amaze me. No created thing,

Yourſelf

A TRAGEDY.

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Yourself except, durst thus accost GLENALVON.

Lady Ran. Is guilt so bold? and dost thou make a merit

Of thy pretended meekness? This to me,
Who, with a gentleness which duty blames,
Have hitherto conceal'd what, if divulg'd,
Would make thee nothing; or, what's worse than that,
An outcast beggar, and unpitied too:
For mortals shudder at a crime like thine.

Glen. Thy virtue awes me. First of womankind!
Permit me yet to say, that the fond man
Whom love transports beyond strict virtue's bounds,
If he is brought by love to misery,
In fortune ruin'd, as in mind forlorn,
Unpitied cannot be. Pity's the alms
Which on such beggars freely is bestow'd:
For mortals know that love is still their lord,
And o'er their vain resolves advances still:
As fire, when kindled by our shepherds, moves
Thro' the dry heath before the fanning wind.

Lady Ran. Reserve these accents for some other ear.
To love's apology I listen not.

Mark thou my words; for it is meet thou should'st.
His brave deliverer RANDOLPH here retains,
Perhaps his presence may not please thee well:
But, at thy peril, practise aught against him:
Let not thy jealousy attempt to shake
And loosen the good root he has in RANDOLPH;
Whose favourites I know thou hast supplanted.
Thou look'st at me, as if thou fain would'st pry
Into my heart. 'Tis open as my speech.
I give this early caution, and put on
The curb, before thy temper breaks away.
The friendless stranger my protection claims:
His friend I am, and be not thou his foe.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.

Manet GLENALVON.

Child that I was, to start at my own shadow,
And be the shallow fool of coward conscience!

I am not what I have been ; what I should be.
 The darts of destiny have almost pierc'd
 My marble heart. Had I one grain of faith
 In holy legends, and religious tales,
 I should conclude there was an arm above
 That fought against me, and malignant turn'd,
 To catch my self, the subtle snare I set.
 Why, rape and murder are not simple means!
 Th' imperfect rape to RANDOLPH gave a spouse ;
 And the intended murder introduc'd
 A favourite to hide the sun from me ;
 And worst of all, a rival. Burning hell !
 This were thy center, if I thought she lov'd him !
 'Tis certain she contemns me ; nay commands me,
 And waves the flag of her displeasure o'er me,
 In his behalf. And shall I thus be brav'd ?
 Curb'd, as she calls it, by dame chastity ?
 Infernal fiends, if any fiends there are
 More fierce than love, ambition, and revenge,
 Rise up and fill my bosom with your fires
 And policy remorseless ! Chance may spoil
 A single aim ; but perseverance must
 Prosper at last. For chance and fate are words :
 Perilous wisdom is the fate of man.
 Darkly a project peers upon my mind,
 Like the red moon when rising in the east,
 Cross'd and divided by strange-colour'd clouds.
 I'll seek the slave who came with NORVAL hither,
 And for his cowardice was spurned from him.
 I've known a follower's rankled bosom breed
 Venom most fatal to his heedless lord. [Exit.



ACT III. SCENE I.

A Court, &c. as before.

Enter ANNA.

Anna. **T**HY vassals, Grief ! great nature's order
 break,

And

A TRAGEDY.

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And change the noon-tide to the midnight hour.
 Whilst Lady RANDOLPH sleeps I will walk forth,
 And taste the air that breaths on yonder bank.
 Sweet may her slumbers be! Ye Ministers
 Of gracious heaven who love the human race,
 Angels and seraphs who delight in goodness!
 Forsake your skies, and to her couch descend!
 There from her fancy chase those dismal forms
 That haunt her waking; her sad spirit charm
 With images celestial, such as please
 The blest above upon their golden beds.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. One of the vile Assassins is secur'd.
 We found the villain lurking in the wood:
 With dreadful imprecations he denies
 All knowledge of the crime. But this is not
 His first essay: these jewels were conceal'd
 In the most secret places of his garment;
 Belike the spoils of some that he has murder'd.

Anna. Let me look on them. Ha! here is a headdress
 The chosen crest of DOUGLAS' valiant name!
 These are no vulgar jewels. Guard the Wretch.

[Exit ANNA]

Enter servants with a prisoner.

Pris. I know no more than does the child unborn
 Of what you charge me with.

1st Serv. You say so, sir!
 But torture soon shall make you speak the truth.
 Behold the Lady of Lord RANDOLPH comes;
 Prepare yourself to meet her just Revenge.

SCENE II.

Enter Lady RANDOLPH and ANNA.

Anna. Summon your utmost fortitude, before
 You speak with him. Your dignity, your fame,
 Are now at stake. Think of the fatal secret,
 Which in a Moment from your lips may fly.

Lady Ran. Thou shalt behold me, with a desperate
 heart,

Hear how my infant perish'd. See he kneels.

[*The prisoner kneels.*]

Pris. Heaven bless that countenance, so sweet and mild:

A judge like thee makes innocence more bold.

O save me, lady! from these cruel men,

Who have attack'd and seiz'd me; who accuse

Me of intended murder. As I hope

For mercy at the judgment-seat of God,

The tender lamb, that never nipt the grass,

Is not more innocent than I of murder.

Lady Ran. Of this man's guilt what proof can ye produce?

1st Serv. We found him lurking in the hollow
Glynn,

When view'd and call'd upon, amaz'd, he fled.

We overtook him, and enquir'd from whence

And what he was: he said he came from far,

And was upon his journey to the camp.

Not satisfied with this, we search'd his cloaths,

And found these jewels; whose rich value plead

Most powerfully against him. Hard he seems,

And old in villainy. Permit us try

His stubbornness against the torture's force.

Pri. O gentle lady! by your lord's dear life!

Which these weak hands, I swear, did ne'er assail;

And by your children's welfare, spare my age!

Let not the iron tear my ancient joints,

And my gray hairs bring to the grave with pain.

Lady Ran. Account for these: thine own they cannot be:

For these, I say: be steadfast to the truth;

Detected falsehood is most certain death.

[*ANNA removes the servants and returns.*]

Pri. Alas! I'm sore beset! let never man,

For sake of lucre, sin against his soul!

Eternal justice is in this most just!

I, guiltless now, must former guilt reveal.

Lady Ran. O! ANNA hear!—once more I charge
thee speak

The truth direct: for these to me foretell

And

And certify a part of thy narration;
With which if the remainder tallies not,
An instant and a dreadful death abides thee.

Pri. Then, thus adjur'd, I'll speak to you as just
As if you were the minister of heaven,
Sent down to search the secret sins of men.

Some eighteen years ago, I rented land
Of brave Sir MALCOLM, then BALARMO's lord;
But falling to decay, his servants seiz'd
All that I had, and then turn'd me and mine,
(Four helpless infants and their weeping mother)
Out to the mercy of the winter winds.

A little hovel by the river's side
Receiv'd us: there hard labour, and the skill
In fishing, which was formerly my sport,
Supported life. Whilst thus we poorly liv'd,
One stormy night, as I remember well,
The wind and rain beat hard upon our roof:
Red came the river down, and loud and oft
The angry spirit of the water shriek'd.

At the dead hour of night was heard the cry
Of one in jeopardy. I rose, and ran
To where the circling eddy of a pool
Beneath the ford, us'd oft to bring within
My reach whatever floating thing the stream
Had caught. The voice was ceas'd; the person lost:
But looking sad and earnest on the waters,
By the moon's light I saw, whirl'd round and round,
A basket: soon I drew it to the bank,
And nestled curious there an infant lay.

Lady Ran. Was he alive?

Pri. He was.

Lady Ran. Inhuman that thou art!
How couldst thou kill what waves and tempests spar'd?

Pri. I am not so unhuman.

Lady Ran. Didst thou not?

Anna. My noble mistress, you are mov'd too much:
This man has not the aspect of stern murder:
Let him go on, and you, I hope, will hear
Good tidings of your kinsman's long lost child.

Pri. The needy man, who has known better days,
One whom distress has spited at the world,

Is he whom tempting fiends would pitch upon
To do such deeds, as make the prosperous men
Lift up their hands and wonder who could do them.
And such a man was I; a man declin'd,
Who saw no end of black adversity:
Yet, for the wealth of kingdoms, I would not
Have touch'd that infant, with a hand of harm.

Lady Ran. Ha! dost thou say so? Then perhaps he
lives!

Pri. Not many days ago he was alive.

Lady Ran. O! God of heav'n! Did he then die so
lately?

Pri. I did not say he died; I hope he lives,
Not many days ago these eyes beheld
Him, flourishing in youth, and health, and beauty.

Lady Ran. Where is he now?

Pri. Alas! I know not where.

Lady Ran. Oh fate! I fear thee still. Thou riddler,
speak

Direct and clear; else I will search thy soul.

Anna. Permit me, ever honour'd! Keen impatience,
Tho' hard to be restrain'd, defeats itself.—
Pursue thy story with a faithful tongue,
To the last hour that thou didst keep the child.

Pri. Fear not my faith, tho' I must speak my shame.
Within the cradle, where the infant lay,
Was stow'd a mighty store of gold and jewels;
Tempted by which we did resolve to hide,
From all the world, this wonderful event,
And like a peasant breed the noble child.
That none might mark the change of our estate,
We left the country, travell'd to the north,
Bought flocks and herds, and gradually brought forth
Our secret wealth. But God's all-seeing eye
Beheld our avarice, and smote us sore.
For one by one all our own children died,
And he, the stranger, sole remain'd the heir
Of what indeed was his: Fain then would I,
Who with a father's fondness lov'd the boy,
Have trusted him, now in the dawn of youth,
With his own secret: but my anxious wife,
Foreboding evil, never would consent.

Mean while the stripling grew in years and beauty;
 And, as we oft observ'd, he bore himself,
 Not as the offspring of our cottage blood;
 For nature will break out: mild with the mild,
 But with the froward he was fierce as fire,
 And night and day he talk'd of war and arms.
 I set myself against his warlike bent;
 But all in vain: for when a desperate band
 Of robbers from the savage mountains came——

Lady Ran. Eternal providence! What is thy name?

Pri. My name is NORVAL: and my name he bears.

Lady Ran. 'Tis he; 'tis he himself! It is my son!
 O sovereign mercy! 'Twas my child I saw!
 No wonder, ANNA, that my bosom burn'd.

Anna. Just are your transports: ne'er was woman's
 heart

Prov'd with such fierce extremes. High fated dame!

But yet remember that you are beheld

By servile eyes; your gestures may be seen

Impassion'd, strange; perhaps your words o'erheard.

Lady Ran. Well dost thou council, ANNA: Heaven
 bestow

On me that wisdom which my state requires!

Anna. The moments of deliberation pass,
 And soon you must resolve. This useful man
 Must be dismiss'd in safety, ere my lord
 Shall with his brave deliverer return.

Pri. If I, amidst astonishment and fear,
 Have of your words and gestures rightly judg'd,
 Thou art the daughter of my ancient master;
 The child I rescu'd from the flood is thine.

Lady Ran. With thee dissimulation now were vain.
 I am indeed the daughter of Sir MALCOLM;
 The child thou rescu'dst from the flood is mine.

Pri. Blest be the hour that made me a poor man!
 My poverty has sav'd my master's house!

Lady Ran. Thy words surprize me: sure thou dost
 not feign:

The tear stands in thine eye: such love from thee
 Sir MALCOLM's house deserv'd not; if a right
 Thou told'st the story of thy own distress.

Pri.

Pri. Sir MALCOLM of our barons was the flower;
The fastest friend, the best and kindest master.

But ah! he knew not of my sad estate.

After that battle, where his gallant son,
Your own brave brother, fell, the good old lord
Grew desperate and reckless of the World;
And never, as he erst was wont, went forth
To overlook the conduct of his servants.

By them I was thrust out, and them I blame:
May heaven so judge me as I judg'd my master!
And God so love me as I love his race!

Lady Ran. His race shall yet reward thee. On thy
faith

Depends the fate of thy lov'd master's house.
Rememb'rest thou a little lonely hut,
That like a holy hermitage appears
Among the clifts of Carron?

Pri. I remember
The cottage of the clifts.

Lady Ran. 'Tis that I mean:

There dwells a man of venerable age,
Who in my father's service spent his youth:
Tell him I sent thee, and with him remain,
'Till I shall call upon thee to declare,
Before the king and nobles, what thou now
To me hast told. No more but this, and thou
Shalt live in honour all thy future days;
Thy son so long shall call thee father still,
And all the land shall bless the man, who sav'd
The son of DOUGLAS, and Sir MALCOLM's heir.
Remember well my words: if thou shouldst meet
Him whom thou call'st thy son, still call him so;
And mention nothing of his nobler father.

Pri. Fear not that I shall mar so fair an harvest,
By putting in my sickle ere 'tis ripe.
Why did I leave my home and antient dame?
To find the youth, to tell him all I knew,
And make him wear these jewels in his arms;
Which might, I thought, be challeng'd, and so bring
To light the secret of his noble birth.

[*Lady RANDOLPH goes towards the Servants.*

Lady

Lady Ran. This man is not the assassin you suspected,
 Tho' chance combin'd some likelihoods against him.
 He is the faithful bearer of the jewels
 To their right owner, whom in haste he seeks.
 'Tis meet that you should put him on his way,
 Since your mistaken zeal hath dragg'd him hither.

[*Exeunt Stranger and Servants.*]

SCENE III.

Lady RANDOLPH and ANNA.

Lady Ran. My faithful ANNA! dost thou share my
 joy?

I know thou dost. Unparallel'd event!
 Reaching from heaven to earth, Jehovah's arm
 Snatch'd from the waves, and brings me to my son!
 Judge of the widow, and the orphan's father!
 Accept a widow's and a mother's thanks
 For such a gift! What does my ANNA think
 Of the young eaglet of a valiant nest?
 How soon he gaz'd on bright and burning arms,
 Spurn'd the low dunghill where his fate had thrown him,
 And tower'd up to the region of his fire.

Anna. How fondly did your eyes devour the boy!
 Mysterious nature, with the unseen cord
 Of powerful instinct, drew you to your own.

Lady Ran. The ready story of his birth believ'd
 Suppress'd my fancy quite; nor did he owe
 To any likeness my so sudden favour:
 But now I long to see his face again,
 Examine every feature, and find out
 The lineaments of DOUGLAS, or my own.
 But most of all, I long to let him know
 Who his true parents are, to clasp his neck,
 And tell him all the story of his father.

Anna. With wary caution you must bear yourself
 In public, lest your tenderness break forth,
 And in observers stir conjectures strange.
 For, if a cherub in the shape of a woman
 Should walk this world, yet defamation would,
 Like a vile cur, bark at the angel's train—
 To-day the baron started at your tears.

Lady

Lady Ran. He did so ANNA! well thy mistress knows,

If the least circumstance, mote of offence,
Should touch the baron's eye, his sight would be
With jealousy disorder'd. But the more
It does behove me instant to declare

The birth of DOUGLAS, and assert his rights.

This night I purpose with my son to meet,
Reveal the secret and consult with him:

For wise he is, or my fond judgment errs.

As he does now, so look'd his noble Father,
Array'd in nature's ease: his mein, his speech,
Were sweetly simple, and full oft deceiv'd

Those trivial mortals who seem always wise.

But, when the matter match'd his mighty mind,

Uprose the hero: on his piercing eye

Sat observation; on each glance of thought

Decision follow'd, as the thunder-bolt

Pursues the flash.

Anna. That demon haunts you still:

Behold GLENALVON.

Lady Ran. Now I shun him not.

This day I brav'd him in behalf of NORVAL;

Perhaps too far: at least my nicer fears

For DOUGLAS thus interpret.

Enter GLENALVON.

Glen. Noble dame!

The hov'ring Dane at last his men hath landed:

No band of pirates; but a mighty host,

That come to settle where their valour conquers;

To win a country, or to lose themselves.

Lady Ran. But whence comes this intelligence, GLENALVON?

Glen. A nimble courier sent from yonder camp,

To hasten up the chieftains of the north,

Inform'd me, as he pass'd, that the fierce Dane

Had on the eastern coast of Lothian landed,

Near to that place where the sea-rock immense,

Amazing bass, looks o'er a fertile land.

Lady Ran. Then must this western army march to join

The warlike troops that guard Edena's tow'rs.

Glen.

Glen. Beyond all question. If impairing time
Has not effac'd the image of a place,
Once perfect in my breast, there is a wild
Which lyes to wellward of that mighty rock,
And seems by nature formed for the camp
Of water-wasted armies, whose chief strength
Lies in firm foot, unflank'd with warlike horse:
If martial skill directs the Danish lords,
There inaccessible their army lies
To our swift scow'ring horse, the bloody field
Must man to man, and foot to foot, be fought.

Lady Ran. How many mothers shall bewail their
sons!

How many widows weep their husbands slain!
Ye dames of Denmark! ev'n for you I feel,
Who, sadly sitting on the sea beat shore,
Long look for lords that never shall return.

Glen. Oft has th' unconquer'd Caledonian sword
Widow'd the north. The children of the slain
Come, as I hope, to meet their fathers' fate.
The monster war, with her infernal brood,
Loud yelling fury, and life-ending pain,
Are objects suited to GLENALVON'S soul.
Scorn is more grievous than the pains of death;
Reproach more piercing than the pointed sword.

Lady Ran. I scorn thee not, but when I ought to
scorn;

Nor e'er reproach, but when insulted virtue
Against audacious vice asserts herself.
I own thy worth, GLENALVON; none more apt
Than I to praise thine eminence in arms,
And be the echo of thy martial fame.
No longer vainly feed a guilty passion:
Go and pursue a lawful mistress, glory,
Upon the Danish crests redeem thy fault,
And let thy valour be the shield of RANDOLPH.

Glen. One instant stay, and hear an alter'd man.
When beauty pleads for virtue, vice abash'd
Flies its own colours, and goes o'er to virtue.
I am your convert; time will shew how truly:
Yet one immediate proof I mean to give.
That youth for whom your ardent zeal to-day,

Somewhat too haughtily, defy'd your slave,
 Amidst the shock of armies I'll defend,
 And turn death from him, with a guardian arm.
 Sedate by use, my bosom maddens not
 At the tumultuous uproar of the field.

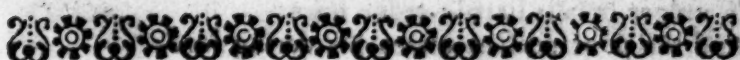
Lady Ran. Act thus, GLENALVON, and I am thy
 friend:

But that's thy least reward. Believe me, sir,
 The truly generous is the truly wise;
 And he who loves not others, lives unblest.

Exit Lady RANDOLPH.

Glen. [solus] Amen! and virtue is its own reward!—

I think that I have hit the very tone
 In which she loves to speak. Honey'd assent
 How pleasing art thou to the taste of man,
 And woman also? flattery direct
 Rarely disgusts. They little know mankind
 Who doubt its operation: 'tis my key,
 And opens the wicket of the human heart.
 How far I have succeeded now I know not.
 Yet I incline to think her stormy virtue
 Is lull'd a while: 'tis her alone I fear:
 Whilst she and RANDOLPH live, and live in faith
 And amity, uncertain is my tenure.
 Fate o'er my head suspends disgrace and death,
 By that weak hair, a peevish female's will.
 I am not idle: but the ebbs and flows
 Of fortune's tide cannot be calculated.
 That slave of NORVAL's I have found most apt:
 I shew'd him gold, and he has pawn'd his soul
 To say and swear whatever I suggest.
 NORVAL, I'm told, has that alluring look,
 'Twixt man and woman, which I have observ'd
 To charm the nicer and fantastick dames,
 Who are, like lady RANDOLPH, full of virtue.
 In raising RANDOLPH's jealousy I may
 But point him to the truth. He seldom errs
 Who thinks the worst he can of womankind.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Flourish of Trumpets.

Enter Lord RANDOLPH attended.

Lord Ran. **S**ummon an hundred Horse, by break of day,
To wait our pleasure at the castle gate.

Enter Lady RANDOLPH.

Lady Ran. Alas! my lord! I've heard unwelcome new;
The Danes are landed.

Lord Ran. Ay, no inroad this
Of the Northumbrian bent to take a spoil:
No sportive war, no tournament essay,
Of some young knight resolv'd to break a spear,
And stain with hostile blood his maiden arms.
The Danes are landed: we must beat them back,
Or live the slaves of Denmark.

Lady Ran. Dreadful times!

Lord Ran. The fenceless villages are all forsaken;
The trembling mothers, and their children lodg'd
In well-girt towers and castles; whilst the men
Retire indignant. Yet, like broken waves,
They but retire more awful to return.

Lady Ran. Immense, as same reports, the Danish host!

Lord Ran. Were it as num'rous as loud same reports,
An army knit like ours wou'd pierce it thro':
Brothers, that shrink not from each others side,
And fond companions, fill our warlike files;
For his dear offspring, and the wife he loves,

The husband, and the fearless father arm.
In vulgar breasts heroic ardor burns,
And the poor peasant mates his daring lord.

Lady Ran. Men's minds are temper'd like their
swords, for war :

Lovers of danger, on destruction's brink
They joy to rear erect their daring forms.
Hence, early graves ; hence the lone widow's life ;
And the sad mother's grief-embitter'd age.
Where is our gallant guest ?

Lord Ran. Down in the vale
I left him managing a fiery steed,
Whose stubbornness had foil'd the strength and skill
Of every rider. But behold he comes,
In earnest conversation with GLENALVON.

Enter NORVAL and GLENALVON.

GLENALVON ! with the lark arise ; go forth,
And lead my troops that lye in yonder vale :
Private I travel to the royal camp :

NORVAL, thou goest with me. But say, young man,
Where didst thou learn so to discourse of war,
And in such terms, as I o'erheard to-day ?
War is no village science, nor its phrase
A language taught amongst the shepherd swains.

Norv. Small is the skill my lord delights to praise
In him he favours.—Hear from whence it came.
Beneath a mountain's brow, the most remote
And inaccessible by shepherds trod,
In a deep cave, dug by no mortal hand,
A hermit liv'd ; a melancholy man,
Who was the wonder of our wand'ring swains.
Austere and lonely, cruel to himself,
Did they report him ; the cold earth his bed,
Water his drink, his food the shepherds alms.
I went to see him, and my heart was touch'd
With reverence and pity. Mild he spake,
And entering on discourse, such stories told
As made me oft revisit his sad cell,
For he had been a soldier in his youth ;

And

And fought in famous battles, when the peers
 Of Europe, by the bold-GODFREDO led,
 Against th' usurping infidel display'd
 The cross of Christ, and won the Holy Land.
 Pleas'd with my admiration, and the fire
 His speech struck from me, the old man would shake
 His years away, and act his young encounters:
 Then, having shew'd his wounds, he'd sit him down,
 And all the live-long day discourse of war.
 To help my fancy, in the smooth green turf
 He cut the figures of the marshall'd holts;
 Describ'd the motions, and explain'd the use
 Of the deep column, and the lengthen'd line,
 The square, the crescent, and the phalanx firm.
 For all that Saracen, or Christian knew
 Of war's best art, was to this hermit known.

Lord Ran. Why did this soldier in a desert hide
 Those qualities, that shou'd have grac'd a camp?

Norv. That too at last I learn'd. Unhappy man!
 Returning homewards by Messina's port,
 Loaded with wealth and honours bravely won,
 A rude and boist'rous captain of the sea
 Fallen'd a quarrel on him. Fierce they fought:
 The stranger fell, and with his dying breath
 Declar'd his name and lineage. Mighty God!
 The soldier cried, my brother! Oh! my brother!!

Lady Ran. His brother!

Norv. Yes; of the same parents born;
 His only brother. They exchang'd forgiveness:
 And happy, in my mind, was he that died:
 For many deaths has the survivor suffer'd.
 In the wild desert on a rock he sits,
 Or on some nameless stream's untrodden banks,
 And ruminates all day his dreadful fate.
 At times, alas! not in his perfect mind!
 Holds dialogues with his lov'd brother's Ghost;
 And oft each night forsakes his sullen couch,
 To make sad orisons for him he slew.

Lady Ran. To what mykerious woes are mortals
 born!

In this dire tragedy were there no more.

Unhappy persons? did the parents live?

Norv. No; they were dead: kind heav'n had clos'd
their eyes

Before their son had shed his brother's blood.

Lord Ran. Hard is his fate; for he was not to
blame!

There is a destiny in this strange world,
Which oft decrees an undeserved doom!

Let schoolmen tell us why. — From whence these
sounds?

[*Trumpets at a distance.*]

Enter an OFFICER.

Officer. My Lord, the trumpets of the troops of
Lorn:

Their valiant leader hails the noble RANDOLPH.

Lord Ran. Mine ancient guest! does he the warriors
lead?

Has Denmark rous'd the brave old knight to arms?

Officer. No; worn with warfare, he resigns the
sword.

His eldest hope, the valiant John of Lorn,
Now leads his kindred bands.

Lord Ran. GLENALVON, go,
With hospitality's most strong request
Entreat the chief.

[*Exit GLENALVON.*]

Officer. My lord, requests are vain.

He urges on, impatient of delay,
Stung with the tidings of the foes approach.

Lord Ran. May victory sit on the warrior's plume!
Bravest of men! his flocks and herds are safe;
Remote from war's alarms his pastures lye,
By mountains inaccessible secur'd:
Yet foremost he into the plain descends,
Eager to bleed in battles not his own.
Such were the heroes of the ancient world:
Contemners they of indolence and gain;
But still for love of glory, and of arms,
Prone to encounter peril, and to lift

Against

Against each strong antagonist the spear.
I'll go and press the hero to my breast.

[Exit RANDOLPH.]

Manent Lady RANDOLPH and NORVAL.

Lady *Ran.* The soldier's loqueness, the pride and
pomp
Investing awful war, NORVAL, I see,
'Transport thy youthful mind.

Norv. Ah! should they not?
Blest be the hour I left my father's house!
I might have been a shepherd all my days,
And stole obscurely to a peasant's grave.
Now, if I live, with mighty chiefs I stand;
And, if I fall, with noble dust I lye.

Lady *Ran.* There is a gen'rous spirit in thy breast,
That could have well sustain'd a prouder fortune.
This way with me; under yon spreading beech,
Unseen, unheard, by human eye or ear,
I will amaze thee with a wond'rous tale.

Norv. Let there be danger, lady, with the secret,
That I may hug it to my grateful heart,
And prove my faith. Command my sword, my life:
These are the sole possessions of poor NORVAL.

Lady *Ran.* Know'st thou these gems?

Norv. Durst I believe mine eyes.
I'd say I knew them, and they were my father's.

Lady *Ran.* Thy father's say'st thou! ah! they were
thy father's!

Norv. I saw them once, and curiously enquir'd
Of both my parents whence such splendour came?
But I was check'd, and more could never learn.

Lady *Ran.* Then learn of me thou art not NORVAL's
son.

Norv. Not NORVAL's son!

Lady *Ran.* Nor of a shepherd sprung.

Norv. Lady, who am I then?

Lady *Ran.* Noble thou art;
For noble was thy fire!

Norv. I will believe ———

O! tell me farther! Say who was my father?

Lady Ran. DOUGLAS!

Norr. Lord DOUGLAS, whom to day I saw?

Lady Ran. His younger brother.

Norr. And in yonder camp?

Lady Ran. Alas!

Norr. You make me tremble—Sighs and tears!
Lives my brave father?

Lady Ran. Ah! too brave indeed!
He fell in battle ere thyself was born.

Norr. Ah me unhappy! ere I saw the light?
But does my mother live? I may conclude,
From my own fate, her portion has been sorrow.

Lady Ran. She lives; but wastes her life in constant
woe,

Weeping her husband slain, her infant lost.

Norr. You that are skill'd so well in the sad story
Of my unhappy parents, and with tears
Bewail their destiny, now have compassion
Upon the offspring of the friends you lov'd.
O! tell me who, and where my mother is!
Opprest by a base world, perhaps she bends
Beneath the weight of other ills than grief;
And desolate implores of heav'n, the aid
Her son should give. It is, it must be so——
Your countenance confesses that she's wretched.
O! tell me her condition! Can the sword——
Who shall resist me in a parent's cause?

Lady Ran. Thy virtue ends her woe.—My son, my
son!

I am thy Mother, and the wife of DOUGLAS!

[Falls upon his neck.

Norr. O heav'n and earth, how wondrous is my
fate;

Art thou my mother? Ever let me kneel!

Lady Ran. Image of DOUGLAS! Fruit of fatal
love!

All that I owe thy fire I pay to thee.

Norr. Respect and admiration still possess me,
Checking the love and fondness of a son.
Yet I was filial to my humble parents.

But

But did my fire surpass the rest of men,
As thou excellest all of womankind?

Lady Ran. Arise, my son! In me thou dost behold
The poor remains of beauty once admir'd:
The autumn of my days is come already;
For sorrow made my summer haste away,
Yet in my prime I equal'd not thy father:
His eyes were like the eagle's, yet sometimes
Liker the dove's, and as he pleas'd, he won
All hearts with softness, or with spirit aw'd.

Norr. How did he fall? Sure 'twas a bloody field
When DOUGLAS died. — O I have much to ask!

Lady Ran. Hereafter thou shalt hear the lengthen'd
tale

Of all thy father's and thy mother's woes.
At present this: Thou art the rightful heir
Of yonder castle, and the wide domains
Which now Lord RANDOLPH, as my husband, holds,
But thou shalt not be wrong'd; I have the power
To right thee still: Before the king I'll kneel,
And call Lord DOUGLAS to protect his blood.

Norr. The blood of DOUGLAS will protect itself.

Lady Ran. But we shall need both friends and favour,
boy

To wrest thy lands and lordship from the gripe
Of RANDOLPH and his kinsman. Yet I think
My tale will move each gentle heart to pity,
My life incline the virtuous to believe.

Norr. To be the son of DOUGLAS is to me
Inheritance enough. Declare my birth,
And in the field I'll seek for fame and fortune.

Lady Ran. Thou dost not know what perils and in-
justice

Await the poor man's valour. O! my son!
The noblest blood in all the land's abash'd,
Having no lacquay but pale poverty.
Too long hast thou been thus attended, DOUGLAS!
Too long hast thou been deem'd a peasant's child.
The wanton heir of some inglorious chief
Perhaps has scorn'd thee, in the youthful sports;
Whilst thy indignant spirit swell'd in vain!

Such

Such contumely thou no more shalt bear:
 But how I purpose to redress thy wrongs
 Must be hereafter told. Prudence directs
 That we should part before yon chiefs return.
 Retire, and from thy rustick follower's hand
 Receive a billet, which thy mother's care,
 Anxious to see thee, dictated before
 This casual opportunity arose
 Of private conference. It's purport mark;
 For as I there appoint we meet again.
 Leave me, my son! and frame thy manners still
 To NORVAL's, not to noble DOUGLAS' state.

Norv. I will remember. Where is NORVAL now?
 That good old man.

Lady Ran. At hand conceal'd he lies,
 An useful witness. But beware, my son,
 Of yon GLENALVON; in his guilty breast
 Resides a villain's shrewdness, ever prone
 To false conjecture. He hath griev'd my heart.

Norv. Has he indeed? Then let yon false GLENAL-
 VON
 Beware of me.

[Exit DOUGLAS.]

Manet Lady RANDOLPH.

Lady Ran. There burst the smother'd flame?
 O! thou all righteous and eternal King!
 Who father of the fatherless art call'd,
 Protect my son!—Thy inspiration, Lord!
 Hath fill'd his bosom with that sacred fire,
 Which in the breasts of his forefather's burn'd:
 Set him on high like them, that he may shine
 The star and glory of his native land!
 Then let the minister of death descend,
 And bear my willing spirit to its place.
 Yonder they come. How do bad women find
 Unchanging aspects to conceal their guilt?
 When I by reason, and by justice urg'd,
 Full hardly can dissemble with these men
 In nature's pious cause.

Enter

Enter Lord RANDOLPH and GLENALVON.

Lord Ran. Yon gallant chief,
Of arms enamour'd, all repose disclaims.

Lady Ran. Be not, my Lord, by his example sway'd:
Arrange the business of to-morrow now,
And when you enter, speak of war no more.

[*Exit Lady RANDOLPH.*]

Manent Lord RANDOLPH and GLENALVON.

Lord Ran. 'Tis so by heav'n! her mien, her voice,
her eye,
And her impatience to be gone, confirm it.

Glen. He parted from her now: Behind the mount,
Amongst the trees, I saw him glide along.

Lord Ran. For sad sequester'd virtue she's renown'd!

Glen. Most true, my Lord.

Lord Ran. Yet this distinguish'd dame
Invites a youth, the acquaintance of a day,
Alone to meet her at the midnight hour.
This assignation, (*shews a letter*) the assassin freed,
Her manifest affection for the youth,
Might breed suspicion in a husband's brain,
Whose gentle comfort all for love had wedded:
Much more in mine. MATILDA never lov'd me.

Let no man, after me, a woman wed,
Whose heart he knows he has not; though she brings
A mine of gold, a kingdom for her dowry:
For let her seem, like the night's shadowy queen,
Cold and contemplative:—He cannot trust her:
She may, she will, bring shame and sorrow on him;
The worst of sorrow, and the worst of shames!

Glen. Yield not, my Lord, to such afflicting
thoughts;

But let the spirit of an husband sleep,
'Till your own senses make a sure conclusion.
This billet must to blooming NORVAL go:
At the next turn awaits my trusty spy;
I'll give it him refitted for his master.

In

In the close thicket take your secret stand;
The moon shines bright, and your own eyes may judge
Of their behaviour.

Lord Ran. Thou dost counsel well.

Glen. Permit me now to make one slight essay.
Of all the trophies which vain mortals boast,
By wit, by valour, or by wisdom won,
The first and fairest, in a young man's eye,
Is woman's captive heart. Successful love
With glorious fumes intoxicates the mind;
And the proud conqueror in triumph moves
Air-born, exalted above vulgar men.

Lord Ran. And what avails this maxim?

Glen. Much, my lord!

Withdraw a little: I'll accost young NORVAL,
And with ironical derisive counsel
Explore his spirit. If he is no more
Than humble NORVAL, by thy favour rais'd,
Brave as he is, he'll shrink astonish'd from me:
But if he be the favourite of the fair,
Lov'd by the first of Caledonia's dames,
He'll turn upon me as the lion turns
Upon the hunter's spear.

Lord Ran. 'Tis shrewdly thought.

Glen. When we grow loud, draw near. But let my
lord

His rising wrath restrain.

[Exit RANDOLPH.]

Manet GLENALVON.

Glen. 'Tis strange by heav'n!
That she should run full tilt her fond career,
To one so little known. She too that seem'd
Pure as the winter stream, when ice emboss'd
Whitens its course. Even I did think her chaste,
Whose charity exceeds not. Precious sex!
Whose deeds lascivious pass GLENALVON's thoughts!

NORVAL appears.

His port I love; he's in a proper mood
To chide the thunder, if at him it roar'd.
Has NORVAL seen the troops?

Norv.

Norv. The setting sun,
With yellow radiance lighten'd all the vale,
And as the warriors mov'd, each polish'd helm,
Corset, or spear, glanc'd back his gilded beams.
The hill they climb'd, and halting at it's top,
Of more than mortal size, tow'ring, they seem'd,
An host angelic, clad in burning arms.

Glen. Thou talk'st it well; no leader of our host,
In sounds more lofty, speaks of glorious war.

Norv. If I shall e'er acquire a leader's name,
My speech will be less ardent. Novelty
Now prompts my tongue, and youthful admiration
Vents itself freely; since no part is mine
Of praise, pertaining to the great in arms.

Glen. You wrong yourself, brave sir; your martial
deeds

Have rank'd you with the great: but mark me, *NORVAL*;
Lord *RANDOLPH*'s favour now exalts your youth
Above his veterans of famous service.

Let me, who know these soldiers, counsel you.
Give them all honour; seem not to command;
Else they will scarcely brook your late sprung power,
Which nor alliance props, nor birth adorns.

Norv. Sir, I have been accustom'd all my days
To hear and speak the plain and simple truth:
And tho' I have been told, that there are men
Who borrow friendship's tongue to speak their scorn,
Yet in such language I am little skill'd.

Therefore I thank *GLENALVON* for his council,
Altho' it sounded harshly. Why remind
Me of my birth obscure? Why slur my power
With such contemptuous terms?

Glen. I did not mean
To gall your pride, which now I see is great.

Norv. My pride!

Glen. Suppress it as you wish to prosper.
Your pride's excessive. Yet for *RANDOLPH*'s sake
I will not leave you to it's rash direction.
If thus you swell, and frown at high-born men,
Will high-born men endure a shepherd's scorn?

Norv. A shepherd's scorn!

Glen. Yes; if you presume
To bend on soldiers these disdainful eyes,
As if you took the measure of their minds,
And said in secret, you're no match for me;
What will become of you?

Norv. If this were told!——
Hast thou no fears for thy presumptuous self!

[*Aside.*

Glen. Ha! Dost thou threaten me?

Norv. Didst thou not hear?

Glen. Unwillingly I did; a nobler foe
Had not been question'd thus. But such as thee——

Norv. Whom dost thou think me?

Glen. Norval.

Norv. So I am——

And who is NORVAL in GLENALVON's eyes?

Glen. A peasant's son, a wandering beggar-boy;
At best no more, even if he speaks the truth.

Norv. False as thou art, dost thou suspect my truth?

Glen. Thy truth! thou'rt all a lye; and false as hell
Is the vain-glorious tale thou told'st to RANDOLPH.

Norv. If I were chain'd, unarm'd, and bedrid old,
Perhaps I should revile: But as I am
I have no tongue to rail. The humble NORVAL
Is of a race, who strive not but with deeds.

Did I not fear to freeze thy shallow valour,
And make thee sink too soon beneath my sword,
I'd tell thee——what thou art. I know thee well.

Glen. Dost thou not know GLENALVON, born to
command

Ten thousand slaves like thee?

Norv. Villain, no more:
Draw and defend thy life. I did design
To have defy'd thee in another cause:

But heaven accelerates it's vengeance on thee.

Now for my own and Lady RANDOLPH's wrongs.

Enter Lord RANDOLPH.

Lord Ran. Hold, I command you both. The man
that stirs
Makes me his foe.

Norv.

Norv. Another voice than thine
That threat had vainly founded, noble RANDOLPH.

Glen. Hear him, my lord; he's wondrous condescending!

Mark the humility of shepherd NORVAL!

Norv. Now you may scoff in safety.

(*Sheaths his sword.*)

Lord Ran. Speak not thus,
Taunting each other; but unfold to me
The cause of quarrel, then I judge betwixt you.

Norv. Nay, my good lord, tho' I revere you much,
My cause I plead not, nor demand your judgment.

I blush to speak; I will not, cannot speak
Th' opprobrious words that I from him have borne.

To the liege lord of my dear native land

I owe a subject's homage: but ev'n him

And his high arbitration I'd reject.

Within my bosom reigns another lord;

Honour, sole judge and umpire of itself.

If my free speech offend you, noble RANDOLPH,

Revoke your favours, and let NORVAL go

Hence as he came, alone, but not dishonour'd.

Lord Ran. Thus far I'll mediate with impartial
voice:

The antient foe of Caledonia's land

Now waves his banners o'er her frighted fields.

Suspend your purpose, 'till your country's arms

Repel the bold invader: then decide

The private quarrel.

Glen. I agree to this,

Norv. And I.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. The banquet waits.

Lord Ran. We come.

[*Exit RANDOLPH.*

Glen, Norval,

Let not our variance mar the social hour,

Nor wrong the hospitality of RANDOLPH.

Nor frowning anger, nor yet wrinkl'd hate,

Shall stain my countenance. Smooth thou thy brow;

Nor let our strife disturb the gentle dame.

Norv. Think not so lightly, Sir, of my resentment:
When we contend again, our strife is mortal.



ACT V. SCENE I.

The Wood.

Enter DOUGLAS.

THIS is the place, the centre of the grove.
Here stands the oak, the monarch of the wood.
How sweet and solemn is this mid-night scene!
The silver moon, unclouded, holds her way
Thro' skies where I could count each little star.
The fanning west wind scarcely stirs the leaves;
The river, rushing o'er its pebbled bed,
Imposes silence with a stillly sound.
In such a place as this, at such an hour,
If ancestry can be in aught believ'd,
Descending spirits have convers'd with man,
And told the secrets of the world unknown.

Enter Old NORVAL.

Old Norv. 'Tis he. But what if he should chide me
hence?

His just reproach I fear.

[DOUGLAS turns and sees him.

Forgive, forgive,
Can'st thou forgive the man, the selfish man,
Who bred Sir MALCOLM's heir a shepherd's son.

Doug. Kneel not to me: thou art my father still:
Thy wish'd for presence now compleats my joy.
Welcome to me, my fortunes thou shalt share,
And ever honour'd with thy DOUGLAS live.

Old

Old *Norv.* And do'st thou call me father? O my son!
 I think that I could die to make amends
 For the great wrong I did thee. 'Twas my crime
 Which in the wilderness so long conceal'd
 The blossom of thy youth.

Doug. Not worse the fruit,
 That in the wilderness the blossom blow'd.
 Amongst the shepherds, in the humble cote,
 I learn'd some lessons, which I'll not forget
 When I inhabit yonder lofty towers.
 I, who was once a swain, will ever prove
 The poor man's friend; and, when my vassals bow,
NORVAL shall smoothe the crested pride of *DAUGLAS*.

Norv. Let me but live to see thine exaltation!
 Yet grievous are my fears. O leave this place,
 And those unfriendly towers.

Doug. Why should I leave them?

Norv. Lord *RANDOLPH* and his kinsman seek your
 life.

Doug. How know'st thou that?

Norv. I will inform you how,
 When evening came, I left the secret place
 Appointed for me by your mother's care,
 And fondly trod in each accustom'd path
 That to the castle leads. Whilst thus I rang'd,
 I was alarm'd with unexpected sounds,
 Of earnest voices. On the persons came:
 Unseen I lurk'd, and overheard them name
 Each other as they talk'd, lord *RANDOLPH* this,
 And that *GLENALVON*: still of you they spoke,
 And of the lady: threatening was their speech,
 Tho' but imperfectly my ear could hear it.
 'Twas strange, they said, a wonderful discov'ry;
 And ever and anon they vow'd revenge.

Doug. Revenge! for what?

Norv. For being what you are;
 Sir *MALCOLM*'s heir: how else have you offended?
 When they were gone, I hied me to my cottage,
 And there sat musing how I best might find
 Means to inform you of their wicked purpose,

But I could think of none: at last perplex'd
 I issued forth, encompassing the tower
 With many a weary step and wishful look.
 Now providence hath brought you to my sight,
 Let not your too courageous spirit scorn
 The caution which I give.

Doug. I scorn it not.

My mother warn'd me of GLENALVON's baseness:
 But I will not suspect the noble RANDOLPH.
 In our encounter with the vile assassins,
 I mark'd his brave demeanor: him I'll trust.

Nora. I fear you will too far.

Doug. Here in this place
 I wait my mother's coming: she shall know
 What thou hast told: her counsel I will follow?
 And cautious ever are a mother's counsels.
 You must depart; your presence may prevent
 Our interview.

Nora. My blessing rest upon thee?

O may heav'n's hand, which sav'd thee from the
 wave,

And from the sword of foes, be near thee still;
 Turning mischance, if aught hangs o'er thy head,
 All upon mine!

(Exit Old NORVAL.)

Doug. He loves me like a parent;
 And must not, shall not lose the son he loves,
 Altho' his son has found a nobler father.
 Eventful day, how hast thou chang'd my state!
 Once on the cold, and winter shaded side
 Of a bleak hill, mischance had rooted me,
 Never to thrive, child of another soil:
 Transplanted now to the gay sunny vale,
 Like the green thorn of May, my fortune flowers.
 Ye glorious stars! high heav'n's resplendent host!
 To whom I oft have of my lot complain'd,
 Hear and record my soul's unalter'd wish!
 Dead or alive, let me but be renown'd!
 May heav'n inspire some fierce gigantic Dane,
 To give a bold defiance to our host!
 Before he speaks it out I will accept;

Like

A TRAGEDY.

35

Like DOUGLAS conquer, or like DOUGLAS die.

Enter Lady RANDOLPH.

Lady Ran. My son! I heard a voice——

Doug. —— The voice was mine.

Lady Ran. Didst thou complain aloud to nature's ear,
That thus in dusky shades, at mid-night hours,
By stealth the mother and the son should meet?

[Embracing him.]

Doug. No: on this happy day, this better birth-day,

My thoughts and words are all of hope and joy.

Lady Ran. Sad fear and melancholy still divide
The empire of my breast with hope and joy.

Now hear what I advise.

Doug. First, let me tell

What may the tenor of your counsel change.

Lady Ran. My heart forebodes some evil!

Doug. 'Tis not good——

At eve, unseen by RANDOLPH and GLENALVON,

The good old NORVAL in the grove o'er-heard

Their conversation: oft they mention'd me:

With dreadful threatnings; you they sometimes nam'd.

'Twas strange, they said, a wonderful discov'ry;

And ever and anon they vow'd revenge.

Lady Ran. Defend us, gracious God! we are be-
tray'd:

They have found out the secret of thy birth;

It must be so. That is the great discovery.

Sir MALCOLM's heir is come to claim his own;

And they will be reveng'd. Perhaps even now,

Arm'd and prepar'd for murder, they but wait

A darker and more silent hour to break

Into the chamber where they think thou sleep'st.

This moment, this, heav'n hath ordain'd to save
thee!

Fly to the camp, my son!

Doug. And leave you here?

No: to the castle let us go together,

Call up the antient servants of your house,

Who

Who in their youth did eat your father's bread,
 Then tell them loudly that I am your son.
 If in the breasts of men one spark remains
 Of sacred love, fidelity, or pity,
 Some in your cause will arm. I ask but few
 To drive those spoilers from my father's house.

Lady Ran. O nature, nature! what can check thy force?

Thou genuine offspring of the daring DOUGLAS!
 But rush not on destruction: save thyself,
 And I am safe. To me they mean no harm:
 Thy stay but risks thy precious life in vain.
 That winding path conducts thee to the river.
 Cross where thou seest a broad and beaten way,
 Which running eastward leads thee to the camp.
 Instant demand admittance to Lord DOUGLAS.
 Shew him these jewels, which his brother wore.
 Thy look, thy voice, will make him feel the truth,
 Which I by certain proof will soon confirm.

Doug. I yield me and obey: but yet my heart
 Bleeds at this parting. Something bids me stay
 And guard a mother's life. Oft have I read
 Of wond'rous deeds by one bold arm achiev'd.
 Our foes are two; no more: let me go forth,
 And see if any shield can guard GLENALVON.

Lady Ran. If thou regard'st thy mother, or rever'st
 Thy father's mem'ry think of this no more.
 One thing I have to say before we part:
 Long wert thou lost; and thou art found, my child,
 In a most fearful season. War and battle
 I have great cause to dread. Too well I see
 Which way the current of thy temper sets:
 To day I've found thee. Oh! my long lost hope!
 If thou to giddy valour giv'st the reign,
 To morrow I may lose my son for ever.
 The love of thee, before thou saw'st the light,
 Sustain'd my life when thy brave father fell.
 If thou shalt fall, I have nor love nor hope
 In this waste world! my son, remember me!

Doug. What shall I say? how can I give you comfort?

The

The God of battles of my life dispose
 As may be best for you! for whose dear sake
 I will not bear myself as I resolv'd.
 But yet consider, as no vulgar name
 That which I boast sounds amongst martial men.
 How will inglorious caution suit my claim?
 The post of fate unshrinking I maintain.
 My country's foes must witness who I am.
 On the invader's heads, I'll prove my birth,
 'Till friends and foes confess the genuine strain.
 If in this strife I fall, blame not your son,
 Who if he lives not honour'd, must not live.

Lady *Ran.* I will not utter what my bosom feels.
 Too well I love that valour which I warn.
 Farewel, my son! my counsels are but vain.

[*Embracing.*
 And as high heaven hath will'd it all must be. [*Separates.*

Lady *Ran.* Gaze not on me, thou wilt mistake the
 path;
 I'll point it out again.

[*Just as they are separating, enter from the wood*
Lord RANDOLPH and GLENALVON.]

Lord *Ran.* Not in her presence.

Now—

Glen. I'm prepar'd.

Lord *Ran.* No: I command thee stay.
 I go alone: it never shall be said
 That I took odds to combat mortal man.
 The noblest vengeance is the most compleat.

[*Exit Lord RANDOLPH.*]

[*GLENALVON makes some steps to the same side of the*
stage, listens and speaks.]

Glen. Demons of death come settle on my sword,
 And to a double slaughter guide it home!
 The lover and the husband both must die.

[*Lord RANDOLPH behind the scenes.*]

Lord *Ran.* Draw, Villain! draw.

Doug. Assail me not, Lord RANDOLPH;
 Not as thou lov'st thy self.

[*Clashing of swords.*]

[*GLENALVON running out.*]

Now

Now is the time.

Enter Lady RANDOLPH at the opposite side of the stage, faint and breathless.

Lady *Ran.* Lord RANDOLPH hear me; all shall be
thine own:
But spare! O spare my son!

Enter DOUGLAS with a sword in each hand.

My mother's voice!
I can protect thee still.

Lady *Ran.* He lives, he lives:
For this, for this to heav'n eternal praise!
But sure I saw thee fall.

Doug. It was GLENALVON.
Just as my arm had master'd RANDOLPH's sword,
The villain came behind me: but I slew him.

Lady *Ran.* Behind thee! Ah; thou'rt wounded! O
my child,
How pale thou look'st! and shall I lose thee now?]
Doug. Do not despair: I feel a little faintness;
I hope it will not last.

(Leans upon his sword.)

Lady *Ran.* There is no hope!
And we must part! the hand of death is on thee!
O my beloved child! O DOUGLAS, DOUGLAS!
[DOUGLAS growing more and more faint.

Doug. Too soon we part: I have not long been
DOUGLAS.

O destiny! hardly thou deal'st with me:
Clouded and hid, a stranger to myself,
In low and poor obscurity I liv'd.

Lady *Ran.* Has heav'n preserv'd thee for an end like
this?

Doug. O had I fallen as my brave fathers fell,
Turning with fatal arm the tide of battle!
Like them I should have smil'd and welcom'd death.
But thus to perish by a villain's hand!
Cut off from nature's and from glory's course,
Which never mortal was so fond to run.

Lady

A TRAGEDY.

39

Lady Ran. Hear justice! hear! are these the fruits
of virtue? [DOUGLAS falls.]

Doug. Unknown I die; no tongue shall speak of
me.—

Some noble spirits, judging by themselves,
May yet conjecture what I might have prov'd,
And think life only wanting to my fame:
But who shall comfort thee?

Lady Ran. Despair! despair!

Doug. O had it pleas'd high heaven to let me live
A little while!—my eyes that gaze on thee
Grow dim apace! my mother— [Dies.]

Enter Lord RANDOLPH and ANNA.

Lord Ran. Thy words, the words of truth, have
pierc'd my heart.

I am the stain of knighthood and of arms.

Oh! if my brave deliverer survives

The traitor's sword——

Anna. Alas! look there, my lord.

Lord Ran. The mother and her son! How curst I
am!

Was I the cause? No: I was not the cause.

Yon matchless villain did seduce my soul

To frantic jealousy.

Anna. My lady lives:

The agony of grief hath but suppress'd

A while her powers.

Lord Ran. But my deliverer's dead!

The world did once esteem LORD RANDOLPH well,

Sincere of heart, for spotless honour fam'd:

And, in my early days, glory I gain'd

Beneath the holy banner of the cross.

Now past the noon of life, shame comes upon me;

Reproach, and infamy, and public hate,

Are near at hand: for all mankind will think

That RANDOLPH basely stab'd Sir MALCOLM's heir.

[Lady RANDOLPH recovering.]

Lady Ran. Where am I now? still in this wretched
world!

Grief

Grief cannot break a heart so hard as mine.
 My youth was worn in anguish: but youth's strength,
 With hopes assistance, bore the brunt of sorrow;
 And train'd me on to be the object now,
 On which omnipotence displays itself,
 Making a spectacle, a tale of me,
 To awe it's vassal, man.

Lord Ran. O misery!

Amidst thy raging grief I must proclaim
 My innocence.

Lady Ran. Thy innocence!

Lord Ran. My guilt

Is innocence, compared with what thou think'st it.

Lady Ran. Of thee I think not: what have I to
 do

With thee, or any thing? My son! my son!
 My beautiful! my brave! how proud was I
 Of thee, and of thy valour! my fond heart
 O'erflow'd this day with transport, when I thought
 Of growing old amidst a race of thine,
 Who might make up to me their father's childhood,
 And bear my brother's and my husband's name:
 Now all my hopes are dead! A little while
 Was I a wife! a mother not so long!
 What am I now? — I know. — But I shall be
 That only whilst I please; for such a son
 And such a husband make a woman bold.

[Runs out.]

Lord Ran. Follow her, ANNA: I myself would
 follow,
 But in this rage she must abhor my presence.

[Exit ANNA.]

Enter Old NORVAL.

Norv. I heard the voice of woe; heaven guard my
 child!

Lord Ran. Already is the idle gaping croud,
 The spiteful vulgar, come to gaze on RANDOLPH.
 Begone.

Norv. I fear thee not. I will not not go.

Here

Here I'll remain. I'm an accomplice, Lord,
 With thee in murder. Yes, my sins did help
 To crush down to the ground this lovely plant.
 O noblest youth that ever yet was born!
 Sweetest and best, gentlest and bravest spirit,
 That ever blest the world! Wretch that I am,
 Who saw that noble spirit swell and rise
 Above the narrow limits that confin'd it!
 Yet never was by all thy virtues won
 To do thee justice, and reveal the secret,
 Which timely known, had rais'd thee far above
 The villain's snare. Oh! I am punish'd now!
 These are the hairs that should have strew'd the ground,
 And not the locks of DOUGLAS.

*[Tears his hair, and throws
 himself upon the ground.]*

Lord Ran. I know thee now: thy boldness I forgive:
 My crest is fallen. For thee I will appoint
 A place of rest, if grief will let thee rest.
 I will reward, altho' I cannot punish.
 Curst, curst GLENALVON, he escap'd too well,
 Tho' slain and baffl'd by the hand he hated.
 Foaming with rage and fury to the last,
 Cursing his conqueror, the felon dy'd.

Enter ANNA.

Anna. My Lord, my Lord!

Lord Ran. Speak: I can hear of horror.

Anna. Horror indeed!

Lord Ran. MATILDA?

Anna. Is no more!

She ran, she flew like light'ning up the hill,
 Nor halted till the precipice she gain'd,
 Beneath whose low'ring top the river falls
 Ingulph'd in rifted rocks: thither she came,
 As fearless as the eagle lights upon it,
 And headlong down——

Lord Ran. 'Twas I! alas! 'twas I
 That fill'd her breast with fury; drove her down
 The precipice of death! Wretch that I am!

F

Anna.

Anna. O had you seen her last despairing look !
Upon the brink she stood, and cast her eyes
Down on the deep : then lifting up her head
And her white hands to heaven, seeming to say,
Why am I forc'd to this ? She plung'd herself
Into the empty air.

Lord Ran. I will not vent,
In vain complaints, the passion of my soul.
Peace in this world I never can enjoy.
These wounds the gratitude of RANDOLPH gave.
They speak aloud, and with the voice of fate
Denounce my doom. I am resolv'd. I'll go
Straight to the battle, where the man that makes
Me turn aside must threaten worse than death.
Thou, faithful to thy mistress, take this ring,
Full warrant of my power. Let every rite
With cost and pomp upon their funerals wait :
For RANDOLPH hopes he never shall return.

F I N I S.





EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. BARRY.

***A**N Epilogue I ask'd; but not one word
Our bard will write. He vows 'tis most absurd
With comic wit to contradict the strain
Of tragedy, and make your sorrows vain.
Sadly he says, that pity is the best,
The noblest passion of the human breast:
For when its sacred streams the heart o'er-flow,
In gushes pleasure with the tide of woe;
And when its waves retire, like those of Nile,
They leave behind them such a golden soil,
That there the virtues without culture grow,
There the sweet blossoms of affection blow,
These were his words;—void of delusive art
I felt them; for he spoke them from his heart,
Nor will I now attempt, with witty folly,
To chase away celestial melancholy.*

BRITISH MUSEUM
EPILOGUE

1820

